The treatyse answe-rynge the boke of Berdes.

Compyled by Collyn Clowte, dedy-catyd to Barnarde barber dWellynge in Banbery.

¶ To drynke with me, be not afferde
For here ye se groweth neuer a berde:

¶ I am a foole of Cocke lorellys bote
Tallyng el vnaus, to pull therin a rope.

¶ The preface, or the epystle.

TO the ryght worshypfulle (Barnarde Barbet,) dwellynge in Banberye, Colyn Clowte, surrendreth greetynge with manyfolde thankes.

IT was so worshypfull syr, that at my laste beynge in Mountpyllour I chaūced to be assocyat with a doctor of physyke, which at his retorne had set forth .iij. Bokes to be prynted in Fleetstrete, within Temple barre, the whiche Bokes were compyled togyther in one volume named the Introductorie of knowledge, wherupon there dyd not resort only vnto hym marchauntes, gentylmen, and wymen, but also knyghtes, and other great men, whiche were desyrous to knowe the effectes, and the effecte of his aforesayd bokes, and so amonge many thynges, they desyred to knowe his fansye, conserninge the werynge of Berdes, he answered by great experyence. Some wyl weet ber des bycause theyr facys be pocky, mat-

gy, lauffe wyne, lyppous, & dyffygured/ by the whiche many clene men were infecte d. So this doue he delyred euery mā to be contentyd; Wherfore I delyre no man to be displeasyd with me. And where as he was anymatyd to wryte his boke to the ende, that great men may laugh therat / I haue deuysed this answere to the entent: that the redyng they myght laughe vs bothe to scorne / And for that cause I wrote this boke, as god knoweth my pretence / Who euer keape youre mayster shyp in helthe.

Here folowethe a treatyse made Answeryng the treatyse of doctor Borde vpon Berdes.

Sayinge to remembraunce youre notable reproche gyuē vnto berdes, I was cōstrayned to render the occasion therof, wherupon, I founde by longe surmyse and studye that ye had red the storye of Hellogobalus, & founde therin greate and stronge auctorytes/ which by lykelyhode mouyd you to this

Reformacyon of berdes. For ye knowe
that Hellogobalus beynge gyuen unto he
to the delyte of the body, & that by muche
superfluyte, ye thought it requysyght to
tōmyt the fylthy lyne of lechey, vpon the
receyptz of delycate meatz. For he cauled
his cokes to make & ordeyne suche hote
meates that maye prouoke or stere hym
the rather therunto. And ther so doyng
he made them some of his preuye cham-
bre some of his hed lordes of his counsell
But yet the cheke and pryncypall precep-
tes that he gaue vnto his cokz, was this
that they shulde not only polle theyr he-
des, but also shaue theyr berdes. For this
entente, that when he were dronkyn, or
vnnecessyngs ryote by takyng exresse, that
he myghte be well assuryd, that it came
not by no heer of from his cokes heddes.
For his delyght was not onely in the fe-
mmynyne kynde, but also delyghted in vn
nemly men. Yet he and his lyne vnbeer-
dyd faces ledde not onely a vytyous lyfe,
but also made a shamefull ende. Notwith
standynge other that, or this forsayd folo-
wynge was and as the decall yon wolde ye

aboze berdes, and that was this at your
laste beynge in Wodwuttpyllyer. Martyn
the surgyen beyng there with you, & dyd
accompany dayly with none so moch as
with you: yf ye be remẽbred, he brought
you to dyner vpon a daye to one Hans
smoznowthes house a duche mã, in whi
che your horse you were cupshote, other wyse
called dronkyn, at whiche tyme your ber
de was lõge/ so then your assoeyat mar-
tyn brought you to bed, and with the re-
mouyng your stomake tornyd, & so ye vo
mityd in his bosome; howbeit as moche
as your berde myghte holde vpon youre
berde remayned tyll the next daye in the
mozenyng. And when ye waked & smelt
your owne berde, ye fel to it a freshe, and
callynge for your frende Martyn shew-
ynge the cause of this laste myschaunce.
wherupon ye desyred to shaue you. And
so when ye sawe your berde, ye sayd that
it was a shamfull thynge on any mans
face. And so it is in suche cases I not de-
nye/ yet shall ye consyder, that our En-
glysshe men beynge in Englande dothe
vse to kepe theyr berdes moche moze clen

As louge as any berdes be wonne
Mockynge shall not be forbonne
But yet as ought this is the scorne
I fere it not.
With berdyd men he wyll not mynke
Bycause it doth in theye berdes synke
The cause therof, ye may soone thynke
His berde in Flaunders onesbyd stynke
Which hy dyssimulacyon
Of a vonnytacyon
Made suche dysturbacyon
That it abored the nacyon.
I fere it not.
Some berdy he saith doth growe a pace
To hyde an euyll coloryd face
In fayth this had an honeste grace
When he was in that dronken case
But sythe he doth this matter steare
To make that chaunge shuld be dere
I thynke it doth full well appere
That soles had neuer lesse wyt in a yere
I fere it not.
A berde sayth he, wyll bryng moch care
I hyde he with his mayster compare
Yet may ye se in wynchall dare
That iudgeth so a man to fare

What mā lyuyng, I Wold fayne knowe
That for compaſon let his berde growe
But yet though that a ſpyghtfull ſhrowe
His ſpyghtful wordes, abrode doth blowe
I fere it not, &c.

¶ Of berdes he ſayth, ther cōms no gayne
Of berdes quycknyth not the braynes (nesse
Lo how in Phyſyke, he taketh paynes
He merytes a buſſhel of brwers graynes
He warneth alſo euery eſtate
To auoyde berdes, for fere of debate
If men, lyke hym ſhuld vſe to prate
His warnyng then ſhuld come to late.
I fere it not.

¶ If berdes alſo a purſe doth pycke
As ye compare them to be lyke
yet ye haue gotte more in one wycke
Then berdes in .x. togyther may ſtrykke
For by caſtynge of a pylpotte
ye haue pollyd many a grote
yea and moche more god wotte
By falſhede ye haue gotte.
I fere it not.

¶ yet one thynge more, I wyll aſſayle
The daſſiger of drynkyng ye do bewayle
Beleue ye me, yf all do fayle

In stede of a cup, ye shall haue a payle
For you haue gyuen warnynge playne
That verdyd men shall be full fayne
To drynge a cup, for theyr owne gayne
The more fole you, so to dysdayne,
I fere it not.
¶ Note me well, for it is treWe
Thoughe verdyd men, ye Wyll elcheWe
There be moche honyster men than you
That Wyl drynke long, or they do speWe
As you haue done, I knoWe or this
Wherfore I say, though so it is
I Wyll not tell that is amys
yet Wyll I tell, some treWyth yeWys.
I fere it not.
¶ yet of one thynge, that ye do treate
HoWe that a verde, in a great sWete
By lyke doth catche, a kauyllye hete
Therby ye do a great prayse gete
For treWely vnfayned
your honyste is dyssayned
All though ye haue dysdayned
Men knoWe ye haue sustayned.
I fere it not.
¶ Though in the Wynter, a deW Wyl lye
That dysstylleth from the nose pryuely

To refrayne your cup ye pray the̅ harely
And all is for superfluous glotonye
For glotony is of suche a kynde
That ende of excesse he can none fynde
Tyll past is both the wyt and mynde
So one of those ye be assynde.
I fere it not.

The seconde parte of that longe.

LYtell thought ye were so wyse
Berdes to deuyse of the new gyse
But truely for your enterpryse
ye may go cast your wyt at dyse
At lyncke or lyse, whiche so doth fall
Fere ye not to cast at all
For yf you lose your losses be small
It is to dere a tenys ball.
I fere it not.

A berde vpon his ouer lyppe
ye saye wyll be a proper tryppe
Wherby ye shall the better skyppe
Go your wayes I dare let you slyppe
Where as be many nooze
I thynke by my fayth
In cocke lorelles bote before

ye may take ahoted

I fere it not.

Cyet though that ye one thyng do craue
Which is a matter deuyles berde to haue
ye make me studdy, so god me saue
Jf this petycion, came not of a knaue
Perhapes some other man dyd make it
And so ye dyd vp take it
But best ye were forsake it
For fere of pears go nakyt.

Jwolde fere you that.

Cye say some berdes be lyke lades woll
With hytell wyt within theyr skull
Who goth a nyle, to sucke a bull
Comes home a fole, and yet not full
And where ye wyll the to peise with pyes
That weres a berde, vnto theyr eyes
Be wyle take hede, suche honely spyes
Of tynies can spye your crafty eyes.

I fere it not.

But syr I praye you yf you tell can
Declare to me how god made man
I meane by hym our father Adam
Whyther that he had a berde than
And yf he had, who dyd hym shaue
Syth that a berde, ye haue in chefe

Well then ye proue hym there a knaue
Bycaule his berde, he dyd so saue.
I fere it not.
¶ Christ & his apostles, ye haue declaryd
That theyr berdes myght not be sparyd
Nor to theyr berdes no berdes cõparyd
Trewe it is, yet we repayryd
By his vocacion to folowe in generall
His disciples, both great and small
And folowyng ther vse we shuld not fal
Nothynge exceptynge our berdes at all
I fere it not,
¶ Sãpson with many thoulandes more
Of auncient phylosophers, full great store
Wolde not be shauen, to dye therfore
Why shulde you then, repyne so sore
Amyt that men doth Imytate
Thynges of antyquite, and noble state
Such counterfeat thigs oftymes do myty-
Moche ernest ye, and debate. (gate
I fere it not.
¶ Therfore to cease, I thynke be best
For berdyd men, wolde lyue in rest
you proue your selfe, a homly gest
So folysshely, to rayle and iest
For if I wolde go make in ryme

Howbe neb shauyd mē, loke lyke scraped
& so rayle forth, frō tyme to tyme (thyne
A knaues the laude, then shulde be myne
I fere it not.
What shulde auayle, me to do so
yf I shulde teache, howe men shulde go
Thynkynge my wyt moche better le
Then any other, frende or foo
I myght be imputed treWly
For a foole, that doth glorifye
In my nowne selfe onelye
I thynke you Wyll it verifye.
I fere it not.
And thus farewel, though I do Wryght
To answere for berdes, by reason ryght
yet vnberdyd men, I do not spyght
Though yt on berdes therin delyght
And in concludynge, of this thynge
I praye god, saue our noble kynge
Berdes & vnberdyd, to heuen vs brynge
Where as is Joye euerlastynge.
I fere it not. &c.

Finis.

Barnes in the defence of the Bede,

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Barnes I say yt thou be ignoraunt
Bycause thou wantyst eloquence
Delyte them that thyne entent
May stonde all tymes for thy defence
Consyderynge that thy hole prouffe
Was moze delyzous of pnyte
Then to enuent curyosyte.

R

¶ Ad imprimendum solum.